

Robin Gibb, August October

Autumn and Friday the winds blew

July September I knew you.
Now as I sit on that sand - hill
I sing our song to the sea.

August October the grass grew
the sky was blue and I wanted you.
Now as I look out my window
I see the world carry on.

August October

mid April November May.
Beckoning hands made you fly
I cried it's curtains to day.